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Æsthetics.

From the German of HEGEL. Translated for the *Crayon*, by HORATIO HUBBELL.

UPON ÆSTHETICS IN GENERAL.

The subject matter of æsthetics is, in its widest sense, the realm of the beautiful and more approximately, Art, and its dominion the Fine Arts.

As applied to this object, the term æsthetic is not, in fact, altogether suitable; for æsthetics, taken in its precise sense, signifies the science of the senses, of the perceptibility, and it had, in so far as it was a new science—or rather as something that was about to be for the first time subjected to a philosophic discipline—its origin in the time of the school of Wolfe, when the works of Art began to be considered in Germany with regard to their effect upon the sensibility, as, for example, the sensations of the agreeable, of wonder, fright, pity, and so on. On account of the unsuitableness, or rather on account of the superficiality of this designation, other denominations—such, for instance, as Callistics—were suggested for this science. Yet this was seen to be unsatisfactory, for the science meant does not contemplate the beautiful in general, but purely the beautiful of Art. We will therefore retain the term *Æsthetic*, because as a mere name it is a matter of indifference to us; and besides, it has become so incorporated in common language, that it may be retained as an habitual designation. The appropriate expression, however, for our science is, “the Philosophy of Art,” and, more precisely, “the Philosophy of the Fine Arts.”

Through this expression we then exclude immediately from the science of Art-beauty that of Nature-beauty. Such a limitation of our subject may appear as an arbitrary determination, as if every science had the power to mark out at will the extent of its circle. In this sense, however, we must not limit æsthetics to the beautiful of Art. In common life, we are indeed accustomed to speak of a beautiful color, a beautiful heaven, a beautiful stream, and also of beautiful flowers, beautiful animals—nay, more, of beautiful human beings; still, although we will not enter into a dispute as to how far, with correctness, the quality of beauty is applicable to such objects, and thereby Nature-beauty may be ranged along side of Art-beauty, yet we must, on the contrary, undoubtedly maintain that Art-beauty stands higher than Nature; for Art-beauty is that beauty which is born and born again of the spirit; and in as far as the spirit and its productions stand higher than nature and her phenomena, by so much the more also is Art-beauty higher than the beauty of nature. Indeed, when formally considered, some casual thought even, such as passes through a man's head, stands higher than any product of nature, for in such a thought, the spiritual and free is always present. Considered according to its contents, the sun, for example, appears indeed as an *absolute necessary moment*,* while a casual thought, as accidental and fleeting, disappears; but in itself considered, such a natural existence as the sun is indifferent, being not in itself free and self-conscious, and we contemplate it in its necessary connection with other things, and do not consider it for itself alone, and therefore not as beautiful.

If we now say, moreover, that the spirit and its Art-beauty stand higher than Nature-beauty, we do not by this mode of expression, convey any precise meaning, for the term “higher” is an indeterminate expression, which raises an idea of nature and Art-beauty as though they were in juxtaposition in space, and thereby presents only a quantitative, and consequently an external distinction. The higher of the spirit and its Art-beauty as distinguished from nature is, however,

not only relative, but is the truthful of the spirit, comprehending all within itself, so that all beautiful is only the truthful beautiful, as participant of this, something called *higher*, and generated by means thereof. In this sense, nature-beauty appears only as a reflex of that beauty which belongs to the spirit, as an incomplete and imperfect mode of being—a mode which, according to its substance, is contained in the spirit itself; besides, the restriction laid upon the term fine art will very naturally occur to us, for although so much has been said about the beauties of nature—less by the ancients than by us—yet to no one has the idea suggested itself of developing a point of view for the beauty of natural objects, and establishing a science and systematic exhibition of this kind of beauty. A point of view for practical usefulness has, indeed, been brought out, and a science embracing those natural productions which are useful in various maladies—in other words, a *materia medica* has been prepared—a description of minerals, chemical products, and natural productions participating in the vegetable and animal qualities; but under the aspect of mere beauty, nature has not been correlated and judged. We feel ourselves, as it regards nature-beauty, too much in the *indeterminate*, and without a *criterium*, and on that account such a correlation would offer too little interest.

If we restrict, however, our consideration, as a preliminary, to the beautiful in Art, we shall stumble immediately at this first step upon new difficulties. This first thing, namely, which in this respect will meet our minds is the doubt whether fine Art shows itself as worthy of a scientific treatment; for the Beautiful and Art show themselves, like a friendly genius, through all the business of life, and give a brighter glow to all external and internal circumstantialities, while they soften down the stern earnestness of our relations, the entangled complexity of the real; obviate idleness in an entertaining manner, and where they cannot bring about what is good, occupy the place of evil—at least, always better than evil itself. Yet if Art also everywhere, from the rude ornament of the savage to the splendor of the temple adorned with all the riches of the beautiful, mixes in everywhere with its pleasing forms, still these very forms fall short of the true end of existence; and if these Art-structures are not actually injurious to those earnest objects of life, or even although sometimes by withholding evil apparently forward them, still Art must be considered as affiliated to the *remissiveness* or relaxation of the spirit, while the substantial interests of life require rather its energetic exertions. On this account it may seem, as if that which is not in itself of an earnest nature, could not be treated with scientific earnestness, without the appearance of pedantry and unsuitableness. Upon the whole, viewed in this manner, Art would seem a superfluity along side of more substantial requirements and interests, even although the relaxation of the mental power, which is produced by an attention devoted to the beautiful in objects, should not become injurious, as a means of enervating the sober earnestness of those interests. Considering all this, it has appeared absolutely necessary that the fine arts, which, it will be admitted, are a luxury, should be taken under protection, with respect especially in their relation to practical necessity, and more nearly to morality and piety, and since its harmlessness is not demonstrable, to at least make it credible that this laxity of the spirit affords a greater sum of advantages than disadvantages. In this respect, an earnest end has been accredited even to Art, and it has been repeatedly recommended as the mediator between reason and sensual perception, between inclination and duty, as a reconciler of

these contending and opposing elements. Yet we may maintain, that in these sober ends of Art, reason and duty have gained nothing by this attempt at mediation, because, from their very nature, being incapable of mixture, they will not favor the transaction, requiring the same purity which they have inherently. Besides, Art has hereby become unworthy of scientific investigation, because it may always serve on two sides, and thus promote idleness and frivolity as higher ends, and, indeed, in this service, instead of being an end for itself, may only appear as a means. Finally, as to what regards the form of this mean, it seems to present always a disadvantageous side, so that when Art, in fact, applies itself to earnest objects, and produces earnest operations, the means that it employs for this purpose is *delusion*. For the *beautiful* has its existence in the *apparent*. Truthful ends, however, it will be readily acknowledged, must not be effected through *delusion*, and if they obtain some furtherance thereby, this can only be the case here and there in a limited way; and even then, delusion will not be considered as the right means. For the means should respond to the truth of the end, and neither semblance nor deception, but only the truthful is able to generate the truthful. So, also, science has the substantial function of considering the true interests of the spirit, according to the true mode of reality and the true manner of their conception. With reference to this matter, it may seem as though the fine arts were unworthy of a scientific consideration, because they remain a pleasing pastime, and even when they pursue an earnest object, they contradict the nature of that object; in general, however, only in the service of that pastime, as this earnestness may then stand subservient to it, and thus as an element of its existence, and as a means of its operation, avail itself of the *delusive* and the *apparent*.

Moreover, it may seem in the second place as though, while the fine arts afford matter for philosophical reflection, they are not suitable objects for scientific consideration; for Art-beauty presents itself to the senses, the perception, the intuition, the imaginative power, and it has then a different domain from thought, and the constitution of its activity and products requires a different organ from scientific thinking. Further, it is precisely owing to the freedom of the production and forms which we enjoy in the beauty of Art, that we fly, upon their production and appearance, it would seem, from all the fetters of rules and regulations. From the stringency of that which is controlled by laws and the dark inwardness of thought, we seek for rest and exhilaration in the creations of Art, and in a lively and vigorous reality a refuge from the shadowy realm of idea. Lastly, the source of the fine works of Art is the free activity of the fantasy, which, in its imaginative power, is freer than nature itself. All the riches of nature's forms, in their multiplied variegation of appearance, stand not only at the command of Art, but the creative power of the imagination can evolve therefrom its own inexhaustible productions. At this immeasurable fulness of the fantasy and its free-born products, thought seems to lose its courage, and shrinks from bringing them fully before it, to pronounce its judgments or arrange them under its general formulæ.

Science, on the contrary, it is admitted, agreeably to its form, is occupied with thought abstracted from the mass of individualities, from which, on the one hand, the imaginative power, with its fortuitous and arbitrary range, or in other words, the organ of artistic activity and artistic enjoyment, are excluded; and, on the other hand, when Art, by enlivening, animates the light-lacking, and barren dryness of the apprehension, re-

conciles its abstraction and disavowance from the reality, and completes or finishes out the apprehension from the reality; while indeed a mere contemplation in thought again removes this means of completion itself, annihilates it, and carries the apprehension back once more to the reality-less simplicity, and its phantom-like abstraction. Agreeably to its constitution, science busies itself with that which is in itself necessary. If aesthetics should lay aside nature-beauty, we evidently, in this aspect of things, would not only gain nothing, but would also separate ourselves still further from the necessary: for the expression, Nature, conveys to us the idea of necessity and subjection to legal regulation, and thus it is that scientific consideration indulges the hope of being able to approach her more nearly, and that nature herself will offer more opportunity for doing so. In the human spirit, however, but more especially in the imaginative power, as compared with nature, an arbitrary range of feeling and exemption from the control of legal rule appear peculiarly at home; and this, of itself, does away with all idea of a scientific foundation.

Under all these aspects, the fine arts seem as well in their origin as in their practical operation, and their range, to show that so far from being adapted to scientific laboriousness, they rather, of themselves, resist all regularity of thought, and have no adaptation to peculiarly scientific investigation. These and the like considerations opposed to a scientific occupation of our time with the subject-matter of the fine arts, are drawn from the ideas, modes of view, and considerations commonly current; as to the more diffusive elaboration of which one may read to satiety, in the older, and especially French authors, who have written upon the beautiful and the fine arts.

And in part, facts are therein contained by which it is justified, and in part also, deductions are drawn therefrom that seem extremely plausible. Thus, for example, the fact that the forms of the beautiful are as manifold as its apparition is generally diffused—whence, if denied, a general propensity to the beautiful may be inferred to exist in human nature; and the further consequence deduced, that inasmuch as our ideas of the beautiful are so endlessly multiplied, and thereby have something particular or individualized in them, no general law can be given as to taste and the beautiful. Before we revert from such considerations to our special subject, our next business must be to make a short introductory investigation of the doubts and objections that have been raised. As to what, in the first place, relates to the worthiness of Art to be scientifically considered, it is certainly the case that Art may be used as a pastime for our pleasure and entertainment, to adorn our immediate vicinity, to render the external relations of life pleasing, and by the effect of ornament, to bring other objects into relief. Under this aspect, it is not indeed independent or free, but Art in servitude. What we wish to consider is Art free, not only in its means, but in its ends. That Art, moreover, may be subservient to other ends, and thus become a mere way-side sport, is true; and this relation, moreover, it has in common with thought, which, on the one hand, allows itself to be used as a subservient science, conducive to finite ends and casual means, and as a serviceable principle of intelligence, receives its destination not from itself, but from something else. So also from this service, distinct from particular aims, it rises by its own energies, and in its own free inherent powers, to the point of truth, and is independently occupied with its own objects and ends.

In this, its freedom, is fine art for the first time true Art, and then first fulfils its highest mission, when it ranges itself in a common circle with religion and philosophy, and then becomes a mode and means to make us conscious of and to express the godlike, the deepest interest of men, the all-comprehending truths of the human soul. In the works of Art have nations given proof of their richest internal intuitions and ideas, and for the understanding of the wisdom and religion of nations, have the fine arts, oftentimes and with many people, afforded the only key. This determination has Art in common with religion and philoso-

phy, but still, in a peculiar manner, inasmuch as it represents the most refined elevation of the sensual perception, and brings nature and its mode of revealing itself nearer to the senses and the perceptibility. It is the depth of a transcendental world into which thought crowds itself, and sets it up as a coming future mode of existence in contradistinction to our immediate consciousness and present sensation; it is the freedom of the thinking comprehensibility which takes away from this state of existence the real and the finite of the senses. This breach, however, through which the spirit goes forth, it understands how to repair; it generates out of itself the work of fine art as the first reconciling mediate member between the mere external, the sensual, and the transitory, and between pure thought, between nature and finite reality, and the infinite freedom of the comprehending mind.

* The degree of the reality of a cause from a sensation.—KANT.

(To be Continued.)

The Organ.

By HENRY WARD BEECHER.

God has taken care that Religion, which is the mother of all things good, shall itself be served by the noblest servants. And surely, in music, without which it would seem impossible to express the deepest and divinest emotions, he has appointed the worthiest servant of all. For music is itself the language that the soul talks in—the inarticulate speech of feelings too subtle and pure for expression by coarse words. And yet God has joined to music the divine thoughts of hymns. For what music is to feeling, poetry is to thinking. And of all poetry none is so spiritual and universal as a hymn:—not alone those which are cast to the mould of some tune, but those other noble strains, hymns in spirit and not in form, irregular and untunable, scattered up and down through all fervent and deep religious poetry, and which move the heart to music, if not the tongue:—such music as Nature inspires in birds, in soft sounds of moving trees and murmuring brooks, wild and not yet tamed and broken in to the bit and harness of the schools. A hymn is taken out of the human soul as Eve was from the side of Adam. And music is the paradise where voice and hymn walk entranced.

Likewise hath it been appointed to the Church of Christ to possess the sublimest instrument of the world—the Organ! It is not so much a single instrument as a multitude of them, dwelling together—a cathedral of sounds within a cathedral of service.

It would seem as if a Divine Providence had permitted men, in the outward world, to devise and perfect musical instruments for every quality of sound, and with every degree of power, that then they might be gathered up into one many-voiced orchestra. The flute and harp for love, the trumpet for battle, the clarionet for the march, the violin and viols for festive gayeties, but all of them for religion, when gathered together and ranged by the side of other instruments without names, expressing all the sounds which Nature knows: some of birds, some of sharp and piercing winds, flying high in the air or sighing around old and desolate places; some of moving waters, of human voices, of nameless sounds, and all tempered to a harmony with vast and thunder-rolling basses, so that every living thing and every object in Nature hears the sound of devotion in its own tongue!

If that mysterious element which the human will exerts upon a single instrument or orchestra, and which makes a violin speak, like a spirit-voice, instinct with human feeling, be wanting in an organ, so too, is the caprice of irritable musicians, the wilful temper, the spiteful neglect, which have always made musicians the most inharmonious and discordant people in the world.

To the service of religion has this noblest of all instruments been preserved, without being defiled by any evil associations of secular service or perversion. And it stands in the churches, with its massive harmonies, to excite and express the noblest feelings which the human soul ever experiences!

But it is to be feared that, except in a few instances, this instrument is almost useless for religious purposes, and in a great many cases, positively injurious. Indeed, the men that play the organ, in hundreds of instances, seem utterly unconscious of its moral functions. The service of the organ in non-episcopal churches is usually an opening piece or prelude; an accompaniment to the singing of choir or congregation; interludes, and a closing voluntary.

What is the use of the opening organ piece? Is it amusement?—a musical luxury?

When men enter the house of God upon the Sabbath, they come from care, from business, from secular pleasures and duties. And the two things needed at the beginning of public worship are, first, a transition from ordinary thought and feeling into a higher and more devout frame of mind; and, secondly, a unity of feeling, a fellowship in the whole assembly. Now, it is in the power of music to arrest the attention, to change the current of feeling, to draw off the thoughts from common things, and to give to the mind, if not a religious tone, yet a state higher than before, and from which the transition to worship will be easy and natural. Nothing will bring men into a state of feeling common to all sooner than fit organ music. This, then, is the object of the opening piece. Upon entering the house of God, there is, as it were, a screen of sound rolled down between the audience and the outward world. Every susceptible nature is drawn out from sordid or sad thoughts, the careless are interested, and the attention of all is attracted to a common influence which is moulding them gently to holy thoughts and feelings. Of course this object will determine the fitness of an opening piece. It may be slow and soft; it may be grand and majestic; it may be persuasive and soothing; or it may be jubilant, as celebrating the incoming of Christ's day! But the end to be gained is in the hearts of the audience, not in the ears of connoisseurs! That is good which gains the audience to a preparation for worship, and only that is good. No man that knows the almost omnipotent power of association, will greet the audience with marches, or opera airs, which take the thoughts right back to the world. No man either, who has religious sensibility, will take such a time laboriously to perform intricate pieces, which are, perhaps, master-pieces of skill, but which are about as fit for the church as *Paradise Lost* would be for a hymn. This opening organ-piece admits of as great a range of usefulness as any service of music in the church. And it is a thing to be studied and remedied. If organ-playing is but organ diversion in church, if it is only a stupendous method of gratifying the taste, the organ had better be silenced. But if the organist feels the power of the Sabbath-day; if it lifts its light upon him as the day which brought salvation to the world, and fills his soul with rejoicings and gratitude, he will be able upon so stately an instrument to pour forth strains that will win the audience to sympathy with him.—*Independent*.

Music.*

A SERMON BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly hosts, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."—Luke ii. 13, 14.

You have been just singing Christmas hymns; and my text speaks of the first Christmas hymn. Now what the words of that hymn meant, what peace on earth and good-will towards man meant, I have often told you. To-day I want you, for once, to think of this: that it was a hymn; that those angels were singing, even as human beings sing.

Music.—There is something very wonderful in music. Words are wonderful enough; but music is even more wonderful. It speaks not to our thoughts as words do—it speaks straight to our hearts and spirits, to the very core and root of our souls. Music soothes us, stirs us up; it puts noble feelings into us; it melts us to tears, we know not how; it is a language by itself, just as perfect in its way, as speech, as words; just as divine, just as blessed.

Music has been called the speech of angels; I will go further, and call it the speech of God himself: and I will, with God's help, show you a little what I mean this Christmas day.

Music, I say, without words, is wonderful and blessed; one of God's best gifts to man. But in singing you have both the wonders together, music and words. Singing speaks at once to the head and to the heart, to our understanding and to our feelings; and therefore, perhaps, the most beautiful way in which the reasonable soul of man can show itself (except, of course, doing right, which always is, and always will be, the most beautiful thing) is singing.

Now why do we all enjoy music? Because it sounds sweet. But why does it sound sweet?

That is a mystery known only to God.

Two things I may make you understand—two things which help to make music—melody and harmony. Now, as most of you know, there is melody in music when the different sounds of the same tune follow each other, so as to give us pleasure; there is harmony in music when different sounds, instead of following each other, come at the same time, so as to give us pleasure.

But why do they please us? and what is more, why

do they please angels? and more still, why do they please God? Why is there music in heaven? Consider St. John's visions in the Revelations. Why did St. John hear therein harpers with their harps, and the mystic beasts, and the elders, singing a new song to God and to the Lamb; and the voices of many angels round about them, whose number was ten thousand times ten thousand?

In this is a great mystery. I will try to explain what little of it I seem to see.

First. There is music in heaven, because in music there is no self-will. Music goes on certain laws and rules. Man did not make these laws of music, he has only found them out; and if he be self-willed and break them, there is an end of his music instantly: all he brings out is discord and ugly sounds. The greatest musician in the world is as much bound by those laws as the learner in the school; and the greatest musician is the one who, instead of fancying that, because he is clever, he may throw aside the laws of music, knows the laws of music best, and observes them most reverently. And therefore it was that the old Greeks, the wisest of all the heathens, made a point of teaching their children music; because, they said, it taught them not to be self-willed and fanciful, but to see the beauty of order, the usefulness of rule, the divineness of laws.

And therefore music is fit for heaven; therefore music is a pattern and type of heaven, and of the everlasting life of God, which perfect spirits live in heaven; a life of melody and order in themselves; a life of harmony with each other and with God. Music, I say, is a pattern of the everlasting life of heaven; because in heaven, as in music, is perfect freedom and perfect pleasure; and yet that freedom comes not from throwing away law, but from obeying God's law perfectly; and that pleasure comes not from self-will, and doing each what he likes, but from perfectly doing the will of the Father who is in heaven.

And that in itself would be sweet music, even if there were neither voice nor sound in heaven. For wherever there is order and obedience, there is sweet music for the ears of Christ. Whatsoever does its duty, according to its kind which Christ has given it, makes melody in the ears of Christ. Whatsoever is useful to the things around it, makes harmony in the ears of Christ. Therefore those wise old Greeks used to talk of the music of the spheres. They said that sun, moon, and stars, going round each in its appointed path, made, as they rolled along across the heavens, everlasting music before the throne of God. And so too, the old Psalmist says. Do you not recollect that noble verse, which speaks of the stars of heaven, and says:

What though no human voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
To Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

And therefore it is, that that noble Song of the Three Children calls upon sun and moon and stars of heaven, to bless the Lord, praise him, and magnify him forever; and not only upon them, but on the smallest things on earth; on mountains and hills, green herbs and springs, cattle and feathered fowl; they too, it says, can bless the Lord, and magnify him forever. And how? By fulfilling the law which God has given them; and by living each after their kind, according to the wisdom wherewith Christ the Word of God created them, when he beheld all that he had made, and beheld, it was very good.

And so can we, my friends, so can we. Some of us may not be able to make music with our voices; but we can make it with our hearts, and join in the angels' song this day, if not with our lips, yet in our lives.

If thou fulfillest the law which God has given thee, the law of love and liberty, then thou makest music before God, and thy life is a hymn of praise to God.

If thou art in love and charity with thy neighbors, thou art making sweeter harmony in the ears of the Lord Jesus Christ, than psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music.

If thou art living a righteous and a useful life, doing thy duty orderly and cheerfully where God has put thee, then thou art making sweeter melody in the ears of the Lord Jesus Christ, than if thou hadst the throat of a nightingale; for then thou in thy humble place art humbly copying the everlasting harmony and melody by which God made the world, and all that therein is, and behold it was very good, in the day when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy over the new-created earth, which God had made to be a pattern of his own perfection.

For this is that mystery of which I spoke just now when I said that music was as it were the voice of God himself. Yes, I say it with all reverence: but I do say it. There is music in God. Not the music

of voice or sound; a music which no ears can hear, but only the spirit of a man when awakened by the Holy Spirit, and taught to know God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

There is one everlasting melody in Heaven, which Christ, the Word of the God, makes forever, when he does all things perfectly and wisely, and righteously and gloriously, full of grace and truth: and from that all melody comes, and is a dim pattern thereof here; and is beautiful only because it is a dim pattern thereof.

And there is an everlasting harmony in God; which is a harmony between the Father and the Son; who, though he be coequal and coeternal with his Father, does nothing of himself, but only what he seeth his Father do; saying forever, "Not my will, but thine be done," and hears his Father answer forever, "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee."

Therefore, all melody and all harmony upon earth, whether in the song of birds, the whisper of the wind, the concourse of voices, or the sound of those cunning instruments which man has learnt to create, because he is made in the image of Christ, the Word of God, who creates all things; all music upon earth, I say, is beautiful in as far as it is a pattern and type of the everlasting music which is in heaven; which was before all worlds, and shall be after them; for by its rules all worlds were made, and will be made forever, even the everlasting melody of the wise and loving will of God, and the everlasting harmony of the Father toward the Son, and of the Son toward the Father, in one Holy Spirit who proceeds from them both, to give melody and harmony, order and beauty, life and light, to all which God has made.

Therefore music is a sacred, a divine, a Godlike thing, and was given to man by Christ to lift our hearts up to God, and make us feel something of the glory and beauty of God and all which God has made.

Therefore, too, music is most fit for Christmas day of all days in the year. Christmas has always been a day of songs, of carols and of hymns; and so let it be forever. If we had no music all the rest of the year in church or out of church, let us have it at least on Christmas day.

For on Christmas day most of all days (if I may talk of eternal things according to the laws of time) was manifested on earth the everlasting music which is in heaven.

On Christmas day was fulfilled in time and space the everlasting harmony of God, when the Father sent the Son into the world, that the world through him might be saved; and the Son refused not, neither shrank back, though he knew that sorrow, shame, and death awaited him, but answered, "A body hast thou prepared me. . . . I come to do thy will, O God!" and so emptied himself, and took on himself the form of a slave, and was found in fashion as a man, that he might fulfil not his own will, but the will of the Father who sent him.

On this day began that perfect melody of the Son's life on earth; one song, one poem, as it were, of wise words, good deeds, spotless purity, and untiring love, which he perfected when he died, and rose again, and ascended on high forever to make intercession for us with music sweeter than the song of angels and archangels, and all the heavenly host.

Go home then, remembering how divine and holy a thing music is, and rejoice before the Lord this day with psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, (by which last I think the apostle means not merely church music—for that he calls psalms and hymns—but songs which have a good and wholesome spirit in them;) and remembering, too, that music, like marriage, and all other beautiful things which God has given to man, is not to be taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly; but, even when it is most cheerful and joyful, (as marriage is,) reverently, discreetly, soberly, and in the fear of God. Amen.

* From a recently published volume, "The Good News of God," Sermons by Charles Kingsley, Rector of Eversley. Author of *Alton Locke*, *Yeast*, *Hypatia*, etc.

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from Page 67.)

MOZART, SENIOR, to M. HAGENAUER.

No. 4.

Vienna, October 30, 1762.

Felicity! Frailty! It is brittle as glass. I had a feeling, so to speak, that for the last fortnight we had been too happy. God has sent us a little cross, and we are thankful for his infinite mercy for that all has passed off without much harm. On the 21st we had again appeared in the evening before the Empress. Wofert was not in his usual frame. We found out,

though rather late, that he was suffering from a sort of scarlatina. Not only did the best houses in Vienna testify the utmost solicitude for the health of our child, but they came to reconmend him to the physician of the Countess Sinzendorf, Bernhard, who was most attentive. His illness is nearly over. It cost us dear: we lost at least fifty ducats by it. Pray have three masses said at Loretha, at the altar of the Infant Jesus, and three at Bergl, at the altar of St. Francis of Pauls.

No. 5.

Vienna, November 6, 1762.

There is no more danger, and, thank God, my anguish is at an end. Yesterday, we paid our excellent doctor with a serenade. Several families have sent to make inquiries after Wolfgang, and wished him a happy anniversary. But here matters stop. They were Count Hawach, Count Palffy, the Ambassador of France, the Countess Kinsky, Baron Prohman, Baron Kurr, and the Countess of Paar. Had we not stayed at home nearly a whole fortnight, the anniversary would not have passed off without a present. Now we must endeavour to put things in a good train, as they were before.*

No. 6.

From the Same to the Same.

Munich, June 21, 1763.

We have been here since the 12th. On the 13th we took a drive to Nymphenburg. The Prince of Deux-Ponts, who had made our acquaintance at Vienna, saw us from a window of the palace walking about the park, and beckoned to us. After conversing a long time, he asked if the Elector knew we were at Munich. On our replying in the negative, he sent a nobleman in waiting upon him to the Elector, to ask if he would not hear my children. Soon after a courier arrived with orders that we should be in readiness at eight o'clock in the concert-room. Wofert acquitted himself well. The two following days we went to Duke Clement. It will be warm now before we take our leave. It is the custom in this country to keep you waiting so long, you may deem yourself fortunate if you spend no more than you earn. On the 18th the Elector dined out. We were present at the entertainment. The Elector, his sister, and the Prince of Deux-Ponts, conversed with us during the whole of dinner. I made the child convey to them that we were about to start the following day. The Elector twice expressed his regret at not having heard my daughter. The second time I rejoined that we could very well stay a few days longer. The Duke did not detain us, but he is waiting to know what the Elector may give us. M. Tomassini had no cause to be particularly pleased. After playing twice, he waited a long time, and only received, in the end, eight golden Maximilians. The Duke, however, presented him with a handsome watch. I make no complaint against the Elector; he is poor. He said to me yesterday:—"We are old acquaintances, for it is nearly nineteen years since we met for the first time; but what would you have—we all of us have our private affairs."

P. S.—Behold us despatched on our road. I have received one hundred florins from the Elector, seventy-five from the Duke. Manerl played with the greatest success in the saloons of both one and the other. We have been graciously invited to return. The Prince of Deux-Ponts wishes to announce our arrival at Mannheim himself. Duke Clement has given us a letter of recommendation for the Elector Palatine.

No. 7.

The Same to the Same.

Ludwigsburg, July 11, 1763.

Augsburg detained me long, and brought me little, for everything there is enormously dear. At the concert there were scarcely any but Lutherans.

We quitted Augsburg the 6th. We had just arrived at Plochingen, from Ulm, when, as ill luck would have it, the Duke set out for his hunting residence at Grafenegg. Accordingly, instead of passing through Stuttgart, we travelled by Carlstadt, and have come straight here, to fall in with the Duke again. On the 10th I saw the great Capelmeister Jomelli, and the Grand Huntsman, Baron Poelnitz, for whom Count Wollegg had given us letters. There was nothing to be done, however. M. Tomassini, who was here a little before us, failed likewise in getting himself heard. What is more, the Duke has a pleasant habit of making artists wait a long time before he rewards them, and I look upon all this as the work of Jomelli, who takes all the pains in the world to keep Germans away from this Court. He has hitherto succeeded, and will continue to do so. Besides his salary of 4,000 florins, the keep of a horse, wood, lighting, a house at Stuttgart, and another here, he possesses the Duke's favor to the highest extent.

His widow will have a pension of 2,000 florins. Lastly, he has full authority over his musicians, and for this reason the music is good. The existing partiality for his nation is such that he and his Italians have said, and repeated it to the Prince, that it was not probable an infant of German origin should possess the musical genius, fire, and intelligence which are attributed to Wofel.

I have heard one Nardini, who has a voice of incomparable beauty, purity, and evenness, with excellent taste. As an actor, he is no great things.

No. 8.

The Same to the Same.

Brussels, October 17, 1763.

We did not meet with the Elector at Bonn. At Aix-la-Chapelle we indeed found the Princess Amelia, sister to the King of Prussia.† Unfortunately she has not a penny. We should have whithered to make merry if all the kisses she has bestowed on my children, and on Master Wolfgang in particular, were ready money; but neither post-masters nor innkeepers will take payment in this gracious coinage. She urged us much, but without prevailing on me, to go to Berlin instead of proceeding to Paris. Prince Charles told me himself that he wished to hear my children. I think nothing will come of it. The Prince has all sorts of fine notions, but when it comes to the point it turns out that, like his sister, he is not worth a penny. Meanwhile, I can neither take my departure, nor give a public concert, without the Prince's authorization; this singularity increases our daily expenses, and costs for travelling which will stand me in full 200 florins to Paris. My children it is true have received a number of valuable gifts, but I do not wish to convert these into money. We have enough to set up a complete shop with swords, laces, mantillas, snuff-boxes, needle-cases, &c.; we left a great box at Salzburg, containing all our jewels and treasures. But as for money it is scarce, and I am positively poor. I have the hope, it is true, of gathering in a good harvest of *louis d'or* at the concert on Monday. But, as I must not run the chance of finding myself unprovided, pray send me a fresh letter of credit.

If the Salzburghers admired my children before, they will be astonished to hear them on their return, if God allows us to come back. Our best friend is Count Coronini.

No. 9.

The Same to the Same.

Paris, December 8, 1763.‡

After giving a second concert at Brussels, at which Prince Charles was present, we have left that city, to the sorrow of many excellent friends.

On the 18th of November, we alighted here at the residence of Count von Eyck, the Bavarian Ambassador, who, with the Countess, received us very kindly, and gave us a small set of apartments in his house, where we are very comfortably installed. We owe this advantage to the recommendation of the Countess's family.† To-morrow we are going to see the Marquise de Villeni and the Countess de Lillebonne. The mourning for the Infanta prevents us as yet from playing before the Court.

No. 10.

The Same to Madame Hagenauer.

Paris, February 1st, 1764.

Why write only to the men, and be forgetful of the fair, the devout sex?

Are the women in Paris indeed pretty? I cannot tell you, for they are painted like Nuremberg dolls, and to such a degree disfigured by these disgusting artifices that a woman naturally possessed of beauty becomes unrecognizable in the eyes of an honest German. As for their devotion, I can assure you there will be no difficulty, whenever it may be thought proper, to canonize them in attesting the miracles of the French female saints. The greatest miracles are performed by those who are neither virgins, wives, nor widows, and all these miracles are worked upon living bodies. Enough! It is hard to tell here which is the mistress of the house. All live in the way that pleases them, and without quite a special interference of God's mercy the same will befall the kingdom of France as formerly the empire of the Persians.

I should have written you since my last, had I not wished to wait for the result of our Versailles affair, that I might give you an account of it. But as here, more than at any other court, things go on at a snail's pace, and these sort of affairs appertain to the *menus plaisirs*, we must take patience. If the acknowledgment to ensue equal the pleasure which my children have procured to the Court, the result ought to be very satisfactory. It is not the custom in France to kiss the hands of members of the royal family, to speak to them, or present petitions *au passage*, as

they say here, for when they go from their apartments and from the galleries to church, bystanders do not bow or kneel before the King, nor before any other member of the family; you remain upright and motionless, and in this attitude you are at full liberty to gaze at them as they pass in order before you. You may easily, from this, imagine the astonishment of everybody at seeing the daughters of the King stop in the state passages, as soon as they perceive my children, draw near, caress them, and be embraced by them a thousand times. It is the same with Madame la Dauphine. What has seemed most astonishing in the eyes of Messieurs the French, is that at the *grand couvert* which was given on new year's night, not only had we all places given us near the royal table, but my Lord Wolfgang was appointed to remain throughout next to the Queen, and eat by her side the dishes she deigned to have him served with. The Queen speaks German as well as we do. As the King does not understand one word, the Queen translated to him all that was said by our heroic Wolfgang. I was placed next him. On the other side of the King, where Monsieur le Dauphin and Madame Adelaide were seated, were placed my wife and my daughter. Now you must understand that the King never eats in public; but every Sunday evening the royal family sup together. Every one is not admitted. When it is a grand holiday, as at New Year, Easter, Whitsuntide, the King's anniversary, &c., then there is *grand couvert*. All persons of distinction are admitted. There is not much room, and consequently it is soon filled up. We arrived late; the Swiss guards had to clear a passage for us, and we were conducted into the room which is close to the table, and through which the royal family pass to enter the saloon. On their way each and all exchanged words with our Wolfgang, and we followed them up to the table.

Of course you do not expect me to describe Versailles to you. I will only say that we arrived there Christmas night, and that we attended the celebration of midnight mass and the three holy masses in the chapel royal. We were in the gallery when the King returned from visiting Madame la Dauphine, whom he had gone to see on the occasion of the death of her brother, the Electoral Prince of Saxony.

I heard both a good and a bad musical performance. All that was sung by one voice alone, and ought to have resembled an air, was empty, cold, and wretched, and consequently French. But the choruses are all good, and very good. Accordingly I went every day, with my little fellow, to mass at the chapel, in order to hear the choruses of the motets executed there. The King's mass is at one o'clock. When the King goes hunting, his mass is at ten, and the Queen's at half-past twelve. In a fortnight we spent at Versailles about twelve *louis d'or*. You will perhaps find this excessive, and will be at a loss to understand how this is. But at Versailles there are neither *carrosses de remise* nor hackney coaches; there are only sedan chairs. Every fare costs twelve sous, and, as we have very often required two if not three chairs, our carriage has cost us a thaler and more a day, for the weather is always bad. Add to this four new black coats, and you will no longer be astonished at our Versailles journey costing us from twenty-five to twenty-six *louis*. We shall see what compensation may be forthcoming to us from the court. Saving what is in prospect for us from that quarter, Versailles has only brought us twelve *louis* ready money.

In addition, Madame la Comtesse de Tessé has given Wolfgang a gold snuff-box and a silver watch, valuable from its diminutive size, and to Nanerl, my daughter, a golden tooth-pick case of great beauty. Wolfgang has received, besides, from another lady, a little travelling desk in silver, and Nanerl a little tortoise-shell snuff-box, incrustated with gold of extremely fine workmanship, with a cameo ring, and a multitude of small trifles, which I reckon for nothing, such as sword-knots, cuffs, cap flowers, handkerchiefs, and so forth. In a month, I hope to give you more substantial news touching these famous *louis d'or*, of which we must consume a larger amount in Paris than at Maxglau,** to get ourselves known. In other respects, and although everywhere the deplorable fruits of the last war can be seen without spectacles, the French go on without retrenching in the least in their luxuries and sumptuous habits; none are rich, therefore, but the farmers-general. The nobility are eaten up with debts. The largest fortunes are concentrated in the hands of about a hundred persons, among whom are several large bankers and farmers-general, and almost all the money is spent upon a parcel of Lucretias, who abstain from stabbing themselves.

Nevertheless, as you may naturally be prepared to hear, a number of singularly fine things are here to be seen side by side with astounding follies. This

winter the women wear not only gowns trimmed with fur, but fur boas round their necks, fur ornaments instead of flowers in their hair, and fur cuffs on their arms. The absurdest thing is to see the sword-belt edged with fur, to keep it from freezing, probably. To these follies of fashion are joined their excessive love of ease, to such a pitch, that this nation no longer heeds the voice of nature. The Parisians send their new-born children into the country to be nursed. Everyone does it, great and small. But how sad are the consequences! Everywhere the crippled, the blind, the palsied, the halt, meet the eye; beggars lying in the street and crowding the church-porch. Disgust withholds me from casting a glance at them as I pass. I jump abruptly from these horrors to ravishing objects—one, at least, which has enraptured a king. You would wish to know, is it not so, of what countenance is Madame de Pompadour? She must have been very beautiful, for she is pleasing still.†† She is tall, a fine figure, plump, rather stout, but well proportioned, fair, and in her eyes there is a resemblance to Her Majesty the Empress. She has a very good opinion of herself, and possesses an uncommon amount of taste. Her apartments at Versailles, situated alongside the gardens, are like a Paradise. At Paris she has a magnificent mansion in the *Faubourg St. Honoré*, which has been built.‡‡ In the apartment where the piano stood, which is all gilt and ornamented with lacquer and paintings, hangs her portrait, life size, and next to it the portrait of the king. Let us pass on to another subject. There is an incessant battle here between French and Italian music. The whole mass of French music is not worth a button; but great changes are in operation. The French are beginning to turn, and in ten or fifteen years I hope French taste will have completely turned face about. The Germans are the masters, from the works which they publish. Among them may be reckoned MM. Schobertti, Echard, Harmaner, for the piano; and MM. Hochbrucker and Mayr for the harp. They are very much liked. M. Legrand, a French pianist, has completely altered his style, and his sonatas are in the German manner. All these artists brought their compositions engraved, and presented them to my children. At the present moment M. Wolfgang Mozart has four sonatas at the engraver's. Fancy the noise they will make in the world when it comes to be seen by the title-page that they are the production of a child seven years old. If there be any who manifest incredulity, they shall be convinced and urged to require proofs, as was the case lately. We made some one write a minuet, and forthwith, without going to the piano, my man wrote the bass, and, if required, he will write the second violin part equally well. Some day you will hear how beautiful his sonatas are. Among other things there is an *andante* of singular *goût*. I can assure you God works fresh miracles every day in the child. When we return, if it please God, he will be in a position to enter into the service of the court. He already accompanies at public concerts. He transposes, *prima vista*, the accompaniments of airs, and everywhere he is made to play French or Italian pieces at first sight. His sister also plays the most difficult pieces with extraordinary clearness, so much so that the masters cannot disguise their petty jealousy, and render themselves perfectly ridiculous.

No. 11.

The Same to M. Hagenauer.

Paris, February 22, 1764.

Pray have four masses repeated at Marien Plaui, and one at the Infant Jesus of Loretto, as soon as possible; we have promised them for our two poor children, who have been ill. I hope they will continue repeating the other masses at Loretto, while we remain absent, as I requested of you.

In a fortnight we shall return to Versailles. The Duke d'Ayas has succeeded in presenting to Madame Victoire, second daughter of the king, Opera 1 of the engraved sonatas, which is dedicated to him; Opera 2 will be, I think, dedicated to Madame Tessé. About a month hence, we shall see mighty things, with God's permission. We have sown the seed well, and we look forward to a good harvest. We must take all things as they happen. I should be the richer by at least twelve *louis d'or*, had not my children been confined to their rooms for several days. I am thankful to God they are better. Every one wants to persuade me to have my boy inoculated; as for me, I intend to leave everything to the mercy of God. All is dependent upon it. It remains to be seen whether God, who has put into the world this miracle of nature, chooses to preserve it here or to withdraw it. As for me, I watch over Wolfgang in such a way that his being at Salzburg or travelling is the same to him. It is exactly this which renders our voyage so expensive.

SALVE REGINA

(FROM WEBB'S "CANTICA ECCLESIASTICA.")

Andante.

p We have thought of thy kind - ness, O God, in the midst of thy

p We have thought of thy kind - ness, O God, in the midst of thy

p tem - ple. Ac - cord-ing to thy name,..... O.. God, to..... thy..

mf tem - ple. Ac - cord-ing to thy name, O.. God, to..... thy..

mf tem - ple. Ac - cord-ing to thy.. name,..... O God, to thy name,.....

mf tem - ple. Ac - cord-ing to thy name,.... O God, to thy

cres. name, O God, So is thy praise un - to the ends of the earth. *dim.* *mf* Thy

cres. name, O God, So is thy praise un - to the ends of the earth. *dim.* *mf* Thy right hand..

cres. O.. God, So is thy praise un - to the ends of the earth. *dim.* *mf* Thy

cres. name, O God, So.. is thy praise un - to the ends of the earth. *dim.* *mf*

"We have thought of thy kindness, O God." Continued.

right hand is full of thy righteousness, Thy right hand... is... full of thy righteousness.

.... is full of thy righteousness, Thy right hand is full of thy righteousness. Mount

right hand is full of thy righteousness, Thy right hand is.... full of thy righteousness.

Thy right hand... is full of thy righteousness,

Mount Zi-on shall re-joice, re-joice,..... re-joice; The

Zi-on shall re-joice, re-joice, re-joice, re-joice;

Mount Zi-on shall re-joice, re-joice, re-joice;..... The

Mount Zi-on shall re-joice, re-joice, re-joice;

daughters of Judah shall be glad, shall be glad, be-cause..... of thy

The daughters, the daughters of Ju-dah..... shall be..... glad,..... Be-

daughters of Judah shall be glad, shall be glad, Because of thy judgments, Be-

Because of thy judgments, Because of thy judgments,

Because of thy judgments, Because of thy judgments,

"We have thought of thy kindness, O God." Continued.

decres. *pp*

judg - ments, be-cause . . of thy judgments. Walk a - bout Zi - on, and

decres. *pp*

cause of thy judgments, of thy judgments. Walk a - bout Zi - on, walk a - bout Zi - on, and

decres. *pp*

cause of . . thy judgments. Walk a - bout Zi - on, walk a - bout Zi - on, and

Because of thy judgments, thy judg - ments, Walk a - bout Zi - - on, and

decres. *pp*

dol.

go round a - - - bout . . her: Num - ber, num - ber ye the tow - ers there-

dol.

go round a - - - bout . . her: Num - ber, num - ber ye the tow - ers there-

dol.

go round a - - - bout . . her: Num - ber, num - ber ye the tow - ers there-

mf *cres.*

of; Mark ye well her bul - warks; Con - - sid - er her pal - - - - a -

mf *cres.*

of; Mark ye well her bul - warks; Con - - sid - er her pal - a -

mf *cres.*

of; Mark ye well her bul - warks; Con - sid - - er her pal - a - ces, that

mf *cres.*

of; Mark ye well her bul - warks; Con - sid - er her pal - - - - a -

"We have thought of thy kindness, O God." Concluded.

ces, That ye may tell it, may tell it To the gen-er-a-tion fol-low-ing;

ces, That ye may tell . . . it, may tell it to the gen-er-a-tion following, For

ye may tell it, may tell it to the gen-er-a-tion fol-low-ing, For

ces, That ye may tell it, may tell it to the gen-er-a-tion following, For

For this God is our God for-ev-er, For this God is our God for-ev-er and ev-er,

this God is our God . . for-ev-er, For this God is our God for-ev-er and ev-er,

. . . this God is our God . . for-ev-er, For this God is our God for-ev-er and ev-er,

this . . God is our God for-ev-er, For this God is our God for-ev-er and ev-er,

He . . will be our . . guide, He . . . will be our guide un-to death.

He will be, will be . . our . . guide, He will be our guide un-to death.

He will be, will be . . . our . . guide, He . . will be our guide un-to death.

He will be, will be . . . our . . guide, He will be our guide un-to death.

M. Hébert, *trésorier des menus plaisirs du roi*, has handed over to Wolfgang, on behalf of the King, fifteen louis and a gold snuff box.

* It was during this first visit to Vienna that Mozart, being one day in the apartments of the Empress, was taken by two of the Archduchesses to walk through the palace. Mozart's foot slipped on the polished floor; one of the Archduchesses took no notice of the accident, the other, who was Marie Antoinette, the future queen of France, picked him up and soothed him with caresses. "You are kind," said he, "I'll marry you." The Archduchess related the affair to the Empress, who asked the child how such an idea came into his head. "From gratitude," said he; "she was kind to me, but her sister never troubled herself the least."

† Frederick the Great.

‡ Mozart arrived in Paris on the 18th of November, and remained twenty-one days.

§ She was daughter of Count d'Arco, Grand Chamberlain at the Court of Salzburg.

** A small village near Salzburg.

†† Madame de Pompadour was then forty-two.

‡‡ Now the palace of the Elysée.

(To be Continued.)

A NOVELTY IN MUSIC AND MECHANICS.—Every pianoforte amateur has longed for some supernatural agency which should note down and preserve a record of the sounds which he calls forth from his instrument when the divine afflatus is on him, and the spirit of melody takes possession of his brain. To adopt a more chastened style of rhetoric, every player improvises some strains which he would be glad to repeat, which, perhaps, contain some ideas worthy of further development, but which, once played, cannot be recalled, and are lost. Mr. Henry F. Bond has invented a beautifully simple apparatus, which is easily to be applied to any pianoforte, and by which every note played, whether by design or accident, is recorded in its proper place upon a slip of music paper. In a few words, the plan of this apparatus may be thus described: Upon a cylinder placed in one end of the pianoforte the ruled music paper is wound; by means of clock work this cylinder is made to revolve, at a uniform rate of speed; the paper, thus unwound, passes by another cylinder prepared with a surface of ink; each key of the instrument, acting upon a lever, raises a metal point against the paper, presses it upon the inky surface, and causes a mark to be made, the length of the mark showing accurately the duration of the note. A pedal, by a similar action, marks the bars. With five minutes of practice, any person who understands music can rapidly translate these marks into the usual system of notes. The whole arrangement is so simple that the first feeling is astonishment that the invention has never been born before.—*Boston Courier*.

Rossini on the War Question.

The Paris correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* relates the following anecdote about Rossini:

Apropos of popular sentiment in the Romagna, you may not quarrel, perhaps, with an anecdote of Rossini, a native of this part of the Papal territory. The veteran maestro declares that his fellow-countrymen are unchanged at heart since the gay days of his youth, when he was happy to play a good trick upon an Austrian general. The adventure, related by himself a few evenings ago at his house in Paris, is given to you second-hand, but you may rest quite assured of there being no betrayal of confidence. The conversation had turned upon the war, as usual, many an old battle was fought over again. Rossini's achievement was bloodless, but none the less victorious. The Austrians, soon after the fatal attempt of Murat, in 1815, occupied Bologna. Rossini had emigrated thither from his native village of Pesaro, in the adjoining legation, and had been at work in his new abode upon the "Barber of Seville." Some time before the arrival of the Austrians he had won the people's hearts by a superb national song, which, until a few weeks ago, perhaps, may have been styled a revolutionary song. The author was wise enough in his generation to know that, agreeable as he was to his fellow-countrymen in consequence of this performance, it was the circumstance of all others to render him obnoxious to their "protectors" from the other side of the Po. He was convinced, therefore, of the necessity to leave the country. But to do this was now impossible without an Austrian passport, which at the moment, in Rossini's predicament, could only be hoped for through some lucky stratagem. The author of *Largo al factotum* can have felt no great want of self-reliance in such proceedings. He presented himself, therefore, at the headquarters of the Austrian commander and made his request. The officer looked at him askant. "Your name and calling?" he asked. "My name," replied Rossini, "is Joachino, and I am a composer of music; not, however," he added, "like that mad fellow Rossini, who writes revolu-

tionary songs. My *forte* is military music; and, by the way, your excellency, I have taken the liberty to compose a march in honor of the new garrison, which I humbly solicit may be honored by your excellency's band." So saying he took a manuscript from his pocket, and opening it at a piano which stood by, played an inspiring martial air, not, however, from the manuscript. The commander was enchanted. He summoned the band-master, and handing him the music, ordered the march for next day's review. The composer had been dismissed meanwhile with passport and remuneration. The supposed new march was to be performed the following evening upon the public square. Certain well-known and spirit-stirring notes appeared to electrify the people. A mighty chorus resounded, as with one accord, throughout the city, and, to the inexpressible confusion of the commandant, his own garrison band was upholding a thousand revolutionary voices in the *Bolognese* of Rossini. "Luckily for my shoulders," added the veteran composer, with a sly grimace, "I was by that time half way to Genoa."

Music Abroad.

Germany.

LEIPZIG.—From a German paper we translate the following: "The Concert of the Gewandhaus for the benefit of the poor, March 24, was made interesting by the first performance of Robert Schumann's music to Byron's 'Manfred,' which occupied the first part, lasting an hour and a half. The impression on the whole was favorable. Joachim's new overture to the second part of Shakespeare's 'Henry IV.' entirely failed to please. Following in the footsteps of the newest school of music, Joachim has gone sadly off the right track.—Beethoven's Fantasia for piano-forte, chorus and orchestra, played by Fraulein Jenny Hering, pleased exceedingly.—The programme for the Congress of Musical Artists, to be held at Leipzig, June 1—4, is as follows: Wednesday, June 1, at 5 P. M., a grand Concert in the Stadt-theatre, composed of works by Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Berlioz, Wagner, and Liszt (the object being to represent the masters who have lived since Beethoven). After the concert a meeting in the Schützenhaus. Thursday, at 11 A. M., scientific lectures in the hall; at 4 P. M. a performance of the Festival Mass, composed by Liszt for the consecration of the Cathedral at Gran, conducted by the composer; at 7½ in the evening a supper in the hall of the Schützenhaus. Friday, at 8½ in the morning, lectures and conferences upon given subjects. At 6½ in the evening, the high Mass in B minor by Sebastian Bach, sung by the Riedelschen-Verein. Sunday, the 4th, at 10½ A. M., a *matinée* for chamber music in the hall of the Gewandhaus, which will conclude the Congress."

There is to be a congress of musical composers and artists in Leipzig, from the 1st to the 4th of June, which will comprehend four musical performances. At the second of these Dr. Liszt's 'Gran Mass' will be produced; at the third, the Mass of Sebastian Bach.

The hour seems to have struck for the dispersion of all musical libraries, since, within the last few years, some of the most interesting collections in Europe have been dispersed. We are now told that the library of Herr Kapellmeister Mosewius (of Prague?) is about to be sold. This is said to be rich in works on music; also in old church-music, and among other items mentioned is one which the Handelians might well look after—the complete works of Mattheson, who was Handel's comrade in the days of the young Saxon's connexion with the Hamburg Opera.

M. Rubinstein's oratorio, 'Paradise Lost,' has been performed at Vienna, with (say French journals), "enthusiastic success." A new opera, 'The Forest of Hermanstadt,' by Herr Westmeyer, has been produced at Leipzig.—*Athenæum*.

It is said now that the Schiller Festival will not be held at Weimar this year as was announced. A Musical Festival (the seventh of its series) will be held at Arnheim, on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of August. The principal compositions selected are announced to be Handel's "Samson," fragments from Gluck's "Alceste," and compositions by Mynheer ver Hulst and Mynheer van Eyken, both of whom belong to Holland by birth.

London.

COVENT GARDEN.—By her rapid appearance in four operas Mdle. Lotti has given a proof of serviceable readiness, which is rare, as times go, in theatres. What is more, in each she has made a more favorable impression than in its predecessor. Each night she seems to sing with more caution—shall we say, too, more timidity?—thereby showing as much respect for herself as for a public with whom raw execution will not pass. With much yet to learn, Mdle. Lotti has little to unlearn; and her voice is that rare, real treasure, a high and rich Italian *soprano*—such as we have not met for many a day. The tendency to undue vibration which it possesses sometimes is not yet fixed; and we fancy that good London practice may remove it. In nowise perfect, she is in everywise promising. Her *Gilda*—to come to "Rigoletto," that distasteful opera—is good in point of singing. Even the silly yet difficult air with which Signor Verdi sends his heroine to repose on the night which decides a misfortune—*quasi* music, neither a yawn nor a hiccup, and though on the scale, off the scale, by way of making a puerile surprise,—was given by her with a certain finish and importance well worth being laid to the credit of any singer. Mdle. Lotti looks better in this than in any of her three former parts; and though she acts little, she is neither cold nor unfeeling. To sum up, we conceive her to be a real acquisition. Signor Ronconi, having next to no voice left, still does marvels. The scene in which the buffoon searches among the courtiers for tidings of his undone daughter is a masterpiece of changeable humor. But when all is said and sung, how intolerable is the opera! an abominable play, to which M. Victor Hugo's force of genius in concentrated dialogue could not reconcile us—stripped (to the bones) of its genius, and clad in the most washy and grim of music. The quartet is the only redeeming movement in the entire work; which no acquiescence in "brown snow," seeing that (for the moment) all the "white snow" has fallen, will ever make us accept thankfully. Meagreness and death are in it.—*Athenæum*, May 7.

DRURY LANE ITALIAN OPERA.—Madlle. Titiens made her first appearance on Tuesday in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and had for associates Madlle. Guarducci as Maffeo Orsini, Signor Giuglini as Gennaro, and Signor Badiali as Duke Alfonso. Madlle. Guarducci (although indisposed), gave the romanza, "Nella fatal di Rimini," with infinite taste, and sang the popular *brindisi*, "Il segreto," with so much point and animation as to elicit a unanimous encore. Her acting, on the other hand, left nothing to desire. Mlle. Guarducci has thus already, in a short time, essayed two of the most popular characters from the *répertoires* of Grisi and Alboni, and comes forth triumphant from the ordeal.

Madlle. Titiens is evidently regarded by the public as the "star" of Mr. E. T. Smith's company, as she was, last year, the "star" of Mr. Lumley's. The theatre was so crowded on Tuesday evening, that it seemed as if the subscribers and the public had, to a certain extent, reserved their attendance for Madlle. Titiens' first night. Her entry was hailed with cheers, and, as she stepped from the gondola, and advanced to the footlights, her reception was flattering in the highest degree. It was soon apparent that Madlle. Titiens' voice was as powerful and splendid as ever. "Com' è bello" proved even more, viz: that its owner had not been indolent, but had been assiduously studying. It should be borne in mind that she is a German, not an Italian, and that the greatest singers in the school to which she belongs have been more eminent for grandeur and breadth of style than correctness and finish. Take her all in all, nevertheless, Madlle. Titiens is one of the most accomplished living artists. That she is destined to exercise a powerful influence on the fortunes of the Drury Lane Opera, cannot be doubted. The effect Madlle. Titiens produced on the audience, with her clear and liquid upper tones, was extraordinary. The public is always caught by something very high or very low, and the vocalist who makes her way without one or the other must possess recommendations of another kind. Madlle. Titiens can sing high and low, but her effects are not confined to exceptional displays in either register.

Signor Giuglini never sang so well before. From the opening duet with Lucrezia, in which the *morceau* "Il pescator ignobile" occurs, to the dying scene, Signor Giuglini's singing was not to be surpassed for purity, grace, and expression.

Signor Badiali, the Duke, sang the "Vendetta" with great energy, and added to the effect of the trio which was encored.

On Wednesday *Lucia di Lammermoor* was given with Mdle. Victoire Balfé as Lucy, and Signor

Mongini as Edgardo. Signor Fagotti was announced for Enrico, but, being indisposed, the part was taken at short notice by Signor Lanzoni. Mdlle. Balfe, we are inclined to think, appears even to greater advantage in Lucy than in Amina. This may be easily understood when it is remembered that the music of one character was composed for Pasta, and of the other for Madame Persiani, to whose school Mdlle. Balfe belongs. Throughout the entire performance the young English *prima donna* sang with great brilliancy and fluency, and acted with infinite grace and refinement. The opening air, "Regnava nel silenzio," was remarkable for new embellishments, as was also the long *cavatina* in the mad scene, in both of which the audience cheered her repeatedly. Mdlle. Balfe's success in her second part was no less decided than in her first.

Signor Mongini, quite recovered from his indisposition, sang the music of Edgardo, if not to perfection, with extraordinary power and vigor. Occasionally, indeed, he created a *furor* by the splendor of his upper notes, and his immense energy. In the *aetate* with chorus in the malediction scene, in the *fortissimo* passages, his voice sounded above principals, band, and chorus, as Lablache's in the olden time, but with the difference of effect which the tenor voice produces over the bass. There were some grand points in the "Fra Poco," but the death scene wanted more finish and artistic refinement.

Lucrezia Borgia was repeated on Thursday, and again attracted a crowded audience. It will be given again this evening. *Lucia di Lammermoor* was performed for the second time last night.

On Tuesday Mdlle. Sarolta appears in the *Traviata* with Signor Ludovico Graziani, brother to the baritone, as Alfredo.—*Musical World*, May 7.

CONCERTS.—Though our Italian Operas have had "the call" (the success or failure of new singers being the musical question of the hour), we must not forget how England, too, has been asserting itself. On Monday, to begin,—at the *St. James's Hall*, the *Popular Concert*, conducted by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, was made up as under:—

Pianoforte Quintet, in G minor; Song, 'Ah! non lasciarmi, no'; and Duet, G. A. Macfarren. Duet and Bachanalian Song, Henry Smart. Sonata, Piano. Song, J. W. Davison. Glees, Bishop, Stringed Quartet. E. J. Loder. Songs, H. Glover and J. Barnett. Pianoforte Trio, W. S. Bennett. Duet, M. W. Balfe.

Last Monday, the name of Mozart proved, for the third time, a potent spell to attract an enthusiastic audience to these weekly gatherings, which have now assumed a high importance, and mark an epoch in the advancing musical taste of the age.

On Wednesday, there was a meeting of the *Polyhymnic Choir*. On Thursday, Mr. H. Leslie's *Eighth Concert*, in the programme of which an Anthem by Dr. Elvey, of Windsor, was the most important novelty.

Of the *Shakespeare Concert*, held this day week at the Crystal Palace, it is impossible for those who arrived late to give any save a very distant account; so dense was the crowd round the concert-room. Among other "settings," however, the programme included Mendelssohn's music to the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' Bishop's 'As it fell upon a day' (his 'Orpheus' is a more charming Shakespeare duet in the same style), Dr. Spohr's Overture to 'Macbeth' and Mr. Macfarren's to 'Hamlet.'

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 4, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—A beautiful *Salve Regina*, by HAUPTMANN, for choir of mixed voices, with organ or pianoforte accompaniment, as adapted to English words from the sixty-eighth Psalm: "We have thought of thy kindness, O God," for Mr. G. J. WEBB's "Cantata Ecclesiastica." It is a fine model of chaste and beautiful church composition, and is worth the attention and the study of choirs which sing occasionally pieces of the anthem length.

Italian Opera.

Resuming our chronicle of lyrical matters at the Boston Theatre at the point where we were forced to break off last week, we have to set down first a highly effective performance (in Italian), on Friday evening, of Meyerbeer's

ROBERT LE DIABLE. This opera, although given with even less completeness of stage

effect than it was in Mr. Ullman's last season, really created this time the impression which it wholly failed to produce then. In both instances the work was greatly shorn of its proportions; large portions were dropped out; parts of two acts were run together, to make out one considerable scena for the roudé-singing Princess (LABORDE), and balance her rôle somewhat evenly against the more interesting and dramatic one of Alice (GAZZANIGA); and this time the mystico-voluptuous scene of the resurrection of the nuns, which was meagre enough then, when we had Soto for the abbess, was but a ludicrously meagre hint of the whole business—honestly, though, as there had been no grand preliminary newspaper flourish about "the Ballet" and the *Pas de fascination*. What stood the audience in stead for all this poverty of accessories was the capital singing and acting of the principal characters, GAZZANIGA, LABORDE, FORMES, STEFANI, and QUINTO. Laborde and Formes were as before, but the three others put new life and meaning into all-important parts which, with the partial exception of Poinot's Alice, were most inadequately filled before.

Such a Bertram with such an Alice as we had on Friday were enough in themselves to make the success of an evening. These were positively inspiring; you felt the touch of genius. The fiend father, disguised as the friend of his daredevil splendid knight son, was in look, costume, action, the very impersonation of the evil genius of the dark old legend. It seemed the most natural thing in the world, a thing inevitable, that the pure, simple, pious Alice, Robert's foster sister, should shrink in terror from his very look, and grasp instinctively the crucifix to keep off Satan's spell. The good and evil principles are here contending for the soul of a young scourge of humanity, but at the same time a lover, full of splendid faculties for good or evil as the issue may be. A lyrical drama could not have a theme of more intrinsic interest; and so far as this interest is concentrated in the parts of Bertram and of Alice, it is directly and artistically treated by this modern master of "effect." Robert himself, although the hero of the piece, is not one of the high contending powers; and so it matters little that his part is musically not one of a very decided interest; if it be only decently well filled, by one manly in voice and action, as Signor STEFANI proved himself, one is content, so long as he gets the heart and mainspring of the whole matter in a thoroughly artistic, genial rendering of the two parts of Alice and Bertram. And this we had, most satisfactorily, that night.

Mme. GAZZANIGA has certainly a spark of something like genius. Far from being one of the most finished vocalists; with a voice somewhat worn, perhaps from want of perfect method, and from dangerous intimacy with "edged tools" from the Verdi fabric, she has what is more than voice or art, the true dramatic fire, and of a high and refined temper. And this is seconded by a voice, whose tones, both high and low, are of a singularly dramatic, soulful quality. You forget the wear and tear, the little vocal inequalities, the clumsy gait, and so forth, in the pure *abandon* of her finer moments, in the thrilling soul-utterance, for which she seems at the right times to be inspired with voice enough. Her Alice was a beautiful impersonation. Any thing truer or finer than her rendering of her first air and reci-

tative with Robert, in which she delivers the message of his dying mother, must be exceedingly rare on any stage. And in the encounter with the evil one at the mouth of the infernal cavern, in the trio, and in the decisive last scene, she was equally up to the height of the part.

Bertram is, perhaps, on the whole, the greatest rôle of FORMES. His singing—subject only to the deduction of that frequent dragging down of a great voice as it were by its own weight—was as admirable as his acting. In dialogue there are great flashes of meaning in the color of each separate tone. He is a great master of recitative. In the very difficult unaccompanied Trio his intonation was not faultless, yet his large bass sustained it, and they all sang it finely and impressively. What could be better than the mocking, serio-comic tones in which he tempts the simple-minded peasant Rimbault!

STEFANI had at least the strength and manliness for Robert. His tenor is not so smooth as we could wish; he forces the high and intense tones painfully, so that they have a sharp and splitting quality; but in his hands the part of Robert was respectably filled out and greatly helped the whole. So also did the Rimbault of Herr QUINT (Signor QUINTO), that always conscientious and clever artist, who knows how to make the most (with due subordination to the whole) of secondary tenor parts. He sang his opening romanza, the legend of Robert's parentage, which well nigh costs him his life, with great spirit and expression, and with good command of voice; and these qualities developed still more satisfactorily in the duet and dialogue with Bertram, who tempts him.

Mme. LABORDE, of course, did all the justice of which her undramatic voice is capable to the air, *Robert, toi que j'aime*, and accomplished all the exquisite roudé business, as she always does, to such perfection, that one ceases to wonder at it as a most familiar thing. Dramatically, indeed, there was no part for her; her one scene might be taken as an interlude of splendid vocalization.

"GRAND GALA MATINEE" was the title of Saturday afternoon's performance. It consisted of another performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*, with another triumph of ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, and decidedly improved, of course, by the substitution of FORMES for Florenza in the part of the Duke; and of interpolations between the acts (rather a bad way of jumbling together heterogeneous things) of the first act of *Norma* and the last act of *Sonnambula*, by which the audience got, besides an opera entire, two of the most marvellous vocal exhibitions of LABORDE. The crowd was immense.

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR. This well-worn piece was selected on Monday night for Mme. LABORDE's benefit, which was an occasion of much enthusiasm. Need we say that the lady looked and acted the maiden's part gracefully and touchingly,—for she does all things gracefully and lady-like, and never any thing offensively—and that she trilled and warbled and refined upon all the florid runs and passages and liquid divisions with a bird-like freedom and precision, sustaining, swelling, or diminishing the silvery tones with perfect continuity and grace? In the "mad scene," especially, where she has the most of this work to do, we found it refresh-

ing to miss the usual stereotyped intensity of acted craziness (to our taste almost always maudlin) and receive instead these copious glistening showers of Laborde's inimitable vocalization. STEFANI was the Edgardo, and with manly voice and presence put the right fire into the scene of the interrupted betrothal, and into the famous Sestet, which told as inspiringly as ever, and is in fact just the greatest moment in all that emanated from the brain of Donizetti. Edgardo's dying scene, too, was considerably lifted up from the staled sentimentality of a hundred and one performances. FLORENZA appeared to better advantage than usual in the part of Ashton; QUINTO fell nothing short in the short part of the husband; and M. DUBREUIL was feeble as the chaplain Raimondo. Chorus and orchestra for the most part good, but sometimes the latter coarse and over-loud.

Before the play the audience were startled into a lively apprehensive mood by the splendid passion and abandon of GAZZANIGA's voice and action in the last scene of *La Favorita*. It was electrical; the quality thereof beautiful and high, as its degree intense. STEFANI, also, shone in the tenor solo: *Spirto gentil*, which he sang with fervor and with delicacy. The only drawback to the whole was in the abrupt introduction of this climax of a tragedy, before the hearer's sympathies had been wrought up to it by the foregoing acts.

IL TROVATORE drew, of course, a crowded house on Tuesday night. We were not present; but the performance, whatever the value of the music, seems to have been of extraordinary excellence. The *Atlas and Bee* says of it:

The audience surely experienced, as we did, a new sensation from this performance of it, due to the wonderful impersonation of the character of Azucena by Miss PHILLIPS, who, as in all the characters she has assumed, thoroughly identified herself with the character of the gipsy mother, and placed herself at the head of all who have sung it here. Miss Phillips, indeed, in every thing she has done during this engagement, has shown her study, her growth, and a steady advance towards the success and furor which we doubt not awaits her in the future. She is really an artist of a high stamp, and were it not for her long experience upon the stage, we should say she had dramatic genius. It may not be that, but her talent surely falls but very little short of it. Her singing throughout the opera commanded the most spontaneous and rapturous applause.

The general cast of the opera was of unusual evenness, and made the performance singularly effective so far as the principles are concerned. GAZZANIGA appeared to great advantage as Leonora, and compares favorably with any who have sung the part here. The *Miserere* scene was loudly encored, in spite of the evident unwillingness of STEFANI to repeat it. It seems a little strange to hear any other than Brignoli as Manrico, but his most ardent admirers must confess that the dramatic energy of his successor gave a new power to the character, while it was throughout admirably sung, and is perhaps the most satisfactory part that he has sung here.

FLORENZA, as the Count di Luna, made a favorable impression, although he has to stand the comparison with a baritone of the fine quality of Amodio, with whom we are made familiar in this part. The "Anvil Chorus," for once, fell utterly flat upon the ears of the audience, and not a hand was raised in applause. The orchestra, too, was somewhat at loose ends, which may not be so much wondered at, as rehearsals cannot be very efficient, nor frequent, when a fresh opera is given every night.

So far for the present. Performances of *I Puritani*, and again of *Robert le Diable*, have followed; and this afternoon will be another of those glorious inventions, a "Grand Gala Matinée," with another opportunity (never to be missed) of hearing *Don Giovanni*, and FORMES in his inimitable Leparello. And, as if this were not enough, the entertainment will include the last

act of the *Traviata*, in which GAZZANIGA is great, and a Spanish Song in costume by the same. On Tuesday the troupe will vary the scene by playing for a night in Worcester.

LOW PRICED EDITION OF ORATORIOS. — We would direct special attention to the new and elegant edition of SACRED ORATORIOS now being issued by MESSRS. DITSON & Co., at a marvelously low price. Great care has been bestowed upon the work in order to present to the musical public as correct copies of these master-pieces as can possibly be obtained—and we have no hesitancy in assuring our readers that they will find this American edition, in every point equal, if not superior, to all others.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The approaching HANDEL FESTIVAL in London is certainly an event of enough importance to give interest to the programme of the managers, which will be found entire in our last two papers. Even the small details respecting seats and tickets will, with the rest, be interesting as matter of record, while they may yet be in season to serve any of our readers who may feel prompted to take one of the next steamers to England, in order to be present at the grand occasion. It is just the season, too, to hear all the best operas and concerts in London. The harvest there is unusually rich, witness our gleanings under the head of "Music Abroad."

Dr. HODGES, the veteran organist of Trinity Church, sailed for Europe last week in the Persia. For some time a partial paralysis has prevented him from attending to his official duties, but he played at Trinity the Sunday before leaving this country. For twenty years Dr. Hodges has been organist of the parish, and has now a year's leave of absence, with a donation from the vestry of \$500. Mr. CUTLER, formerly of Boston, will occupy his seat at Trinity organ during his absence.

The STRAKOCH troupe in New York have been giving *Don Giovanni*, *Don Pasquale*, &c., and, for a novelty, Donizetti's *I Martyri*, with PICCOLOMINI as the heroine. The opera, entire, was never given in this country, except as Anglicised into an Oratorio (!) by our Boston Handel and Haydn Society, when when jolly English Hatton was conductor. . . . Mrs. J. M. MOZART, with Miss HAWLEY, and others, is giving popular ballad entertainments in New York. . . . Señor de CASSERES, the young pianist from Jamaica, has been giving several concerts in Worcester, and exciting much interest. . . . Mme. BISACCANTI is still concertizing in New England, and created much enthusiasm last week in Salem. Why cannot Mr. Ullman secure her for the short time before her tour in South America, and let us have the satisfaction of hearing one of the most finished singers of the day in opera. Surely in her and in Miss PHILLIPS, the two first whom this country sent abroad to become prima donnas, Boston has something to be proud of.

The new opera season in New York was opened last evening with CORTESI in *Saffo*. The *Post* says: "This prima donna is highly praised, though her reputation is almost exclusively Italian, as she has never sung in London or Paris. Adelaide Cortesi was born in Milan on the 12th of October, 1830, and is now twenty-nine years old. She studied under Romani and Ceccherini, and in 1847, when in her seventeenth year, appeared on the stage of the Pergola, at Florence, in the *Gemma di Vergy* of Donizetti. She was successful, and was soon engaged for three years at La Scala, Milan, where she sang in Norma, Lucrezia, Saffo, Macbeth, and Lombardi. An opera called the *Domino Nero* was written for her by Rossi. In 1850 she sang at La Fenice in Venice, where her performance in the *Mesnadieri* of

Verdi, (with the tenor Mirate, who will be remembered by New York opera-goers,) and in the *Saffo* and *Medea* of Pacini, was highly successful. Cortesi subsequently visited Naples, Vienna and St. Petersburg, and returned to Venice. She also sang again in Florence, and in several cities of the Romagna, and in 1856 she was at Palermo. After this engagement her services were secured by a Mexican manager, who was then in Europe, and her Mexican successes induced Maretzek to offer her an engagement."

Last Saturday evening the Meionaon (or lesser Tiemont Temple) was filled with an invited audience, who listened with delight to another of those rare and charming little private soirées of the Club of amateur singers trained and led by OTTO DRESEL. The programme is worth recording:

PART I.

1. Chorus from Jephtha.....Handel.
(When his loud voice in thunder spoke, with conscious fear the billows broke;
In vain they roll their foaming tide, and lash with idle rage the foaming strand.)
2. "See the conquering hero comes," from Judas Maccabæus.....Handel.
3. "Dies Ire," from the Requiem.....Cherubini.
4. Air for Soprano.....J. S. Bach.
5. Chorus from Judas Maccabæus.....Handel.
(For Sion lamentation make, with words that weep and tears that speak.)
6. Selections from Orpheus.....Gluck.
Dance of Furies.
Chorus.—"What mortal dares enter these shades, guarded by Cerberus."
Solo.—Orpheus, answered by Chorus of Furies.
Chorus.—"Unhappy mortal, what brings thee hither?"
Solo.—Orpheus. "Endless woes, unhappy shadows," &c.
Chorus.—"Let him enter the infernal gates."
Solo.—Orpheus. "Infernal gods! Pity my despair."
Chorus.—"Enter the abode of the blest, noble hero, faithful lover."

PART II.

7. Solo.—Heine's Ballad: Die beiden Grenadiere, (The return of the Grenadiers from Russia after the defeat of Napoleon.).....Reisiger.
8. Two Part-Songs:—
The Harvest Field. "The crickets chirp at break of day, inviting all good company.".....Mendelssohn.
The Little Mouse (Children's Song),.....Otto Dresel.
9. "Baby with the hat and plume," words by Mrs. J. W. Howe,.....Otto Dresel.
"As on her white palfrey so proud and so gay, a Princess was riding one bright summer day,".....Otto Dresel.
"Bauerlein, Bauerlein, tik, tik, tak," (What the little finch said to the peasant boy threshing corn; Children's Song),.....Taubert.
10. Chorus of Elves from Oberon.....Weber.
11. May Song, for four voices,.....Robert Franz.

The *Atlas and Bee* says (and we say ditto): "We used the libretto published by OLIVER DITSON & Co., "*Il Trovatore*" being the first part of a series about to be published by them. The size is convenient, the type and paper good, the words correct, and the text profusely illustrated by the music of the principal airs of the opera, many more in number than can be found in any other libretto. We commend it to the opera goers of Boston. The English translation is by Mr. THEODORE T. BARKER, so that we have assurance of accuracy and good taste in the English version." . . . The *Daily Advertiser*, in noticing the performance of the *Trovatore*, says: "The anvil chorus was so well given that it was encored. (Think of that, Mr. Dwight!)" Now read, *per contra*, the statement copied from another paper in our review of "Italian Opera." Which is right? Which lesson have we to "think of"? Verily it is pleasant sometimes, when one gets tired of a hacknied opera, to stay at home and compare the next day's reports! . . . They have "Trovatopera" in San Francisco; namely at Maguire's Opera House, where on the 5th of May was performed *Il Trovatore* by a "great combination of talent," including Signora GIOVANINA BIANCHI as Leonora, Mme. JENNY FERET as Azucena, Sig. BIANCHI as Manrico, and Mr. STEPHEN W. LEACH as Count di Luna; orchestra leader, Mons. FERET.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MAY, 31.—The production of Donizetti's *Martiri* has proved a successful card for Mr. Strakosch. The opera had a reputation here. And the music contains a number of pleasing melodies, but is not on the whole as fine as might have been expected. The critics all agree that it does not equal either *Lucia*, *Lucrezia*, or *Favorita*, on which Donizetti's fame chiefly rests. Yet there are some highly effective situations, and the libretto is good; so the opera takes well with the public. From a criticism in the *Evening Post*, I extract the following brief analysis of the music:

The overture is of a subdued cast, introducing the chief air of the opera, that further on serves as a duet for tenor and soprano. A religious chorus behind the yet unraised curtain has a peculiarly pleasing effect.

The first scene represents the interior of the catacombs, and a chorus of Christians is followed by a delicate melody (*D'un alma trappo*) for tenor. A clarinet solo, somewhat suggestive of that in *Lucia*, precedes a parenthetic chorus of Christians, who are faintly heard singing in the distant part of the catacombs, and introduces the opening romanza and cabaletta for the soprano. For the latter movement Piccolomini substituted a brilliant polacca, composed by Mr. Muzio, the conductor, that does not however surpass the original bravura air composed for this situation by Donizetti.

The scene then changing, presents a triumphal arch at Mitylene, an ancient city on one of the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, and the advent of Severus, the Roman Pro-Consul, is heralded by a military procession, with trumpets and drums; a triumphal march, performed alternately by the band on the stage and the orchestra, with an accompanying chorus, though rather blatant and commonplace, forms one of the most popularly effective scenes in the work. An *andante*, and the necessary *allegro* for baritone, written in the regular Donizetti style, concludes the first act.

The second act opens in the house of Paolina, and commences with a duet for baritone and soprano that is suggestive of but not equal to the first duet in the second act of *Lucia*. A delicious air for tenor (*Sfolgoro divino raggio*) follows; it is one of the gems of the opera, and was enthusiastically encored. The scene changing to the Temple of Jupiter, we have a brassy but effective chorus of priests and priestesses, in some parts of which the orchestral contrasts deserve notice. The act concludes with a concerted piece that may be ranked among Donizetti's happiest inspirations. The melody is distinct, the harmonies skillful and scientific, and the climactic *crescendo* that Donizetti so admirably employs finely attained. The artists were twice called before the curtain after this performance.

In act III, after an insignificant bass solo and chorus, we have a superb duo for soprano and tenor, in which Paolina, struck by the fortitude of her Christian spouse, is suddenly converted to his faith. This is the scene in which Rachel in *Cornelle's* tragedy of *Polyeucte* was so effective. Donizetti's music is excellent, and if confided to a more powerful *prima donna* than Piccolomini, would rise to the sublime. The dramatic element—the doubt—the conviction—the *Credo*, and the final burst of enthusiasm, during which the lover-martyrs hear the sound of angelic harps, is altogether a triumph for the Bergamese composer. The voices of the angry populace are now heard, demanding that the victims be brought to the arena, and the scene changing, we behold the Christian martyrs singing the hymns of triumphant faith, with which in the mighty amphitheatre they welcome their glorious martyrdom.

PICCOLOMINI is not equal to the character of Paolina. She does not look well in the classic flowing drapery of the Roman Era, and her voice is not adapted for the *cantabile* movements that occur for the soprano. I can readily imagine that with a great tragic singer the role of Paolina could be made one of the most effective in the whole range of lyric drama.

BRIGNOLI sang beautifully; but the character of Polito is one demanding a robust tenor, with some spirit and energy—not a lazy, lavender dandy like the sweet-voiced Brignoli. AMODIO has a tolerable part, and one noisy, commonplace air. He looks very funny in the Roman chariot, on which he makes his triumphal entry on the scene, and his descent from this classic vehicle never fails to awaken the deepest sympathy of his audience.

Piccolomini leaves us this week, but whether for Europe or not, no one can tell. CORTESI, Maretzek's new *prima donna*, will sing Wednesday evening in *Saffo*, and subsequently in *I Martiri*.

There is very little doing here in music excepting in the operatic line. The city is crowded with musicians, but even the most popular are a little afraid of concert giving. ARTHUR NAPOLEON arrived in the city from a Western tour, a couple of weeks since, but has not appeared in public. He is just now devoting most of his time to chess-playing, preparing for a match with Paul Morphy. Mr. Ullmann was at our Academy of Music Friday last, and heard *Martiri*. He says he will give no opera in New York till Fall, and will, after the Boston season, go to Europe for artists. He has made proposals to GRISI and MARIO, but those singers have not acceded to them.

Mrs. JAMES, a lady who has sung in Italy with success, is staying in the city. She is an American from Maine, but has passed some eleven years abroad. Her voice, which I have heard at a private musical entertainment, is a high soprano, flexible and well cultivated, and especially effective in bravura music. She sang on the occasion I refer to, with Mr. MILLARD, the Boston tenor, the operatic part of *Traviata*. She would make a highly favorable impression should she appear on the stage in a role adapted to her style, and I trust yet to record for her a successful operatic debut in this country.

Miss ADA PHILLIPS is expected here this week. She will probably sing with Strakosch's company. CORA DE WILHORST, SQUIRES, BARILI and MAGGIOROTTI, have gone on a concert tour in Connecticut. They say—green-room gossips gabble it—that Mrs. Willhorst refused to sing the night she appeared at the Academy in *I Puritani*, before she was paid in full, although her month's salary was not due for several days. She made this announcement just a few minutes before the time for commencing the overture. Strakosch didn't have the money in his pocket and tried to reason with the lady. The lady obdurate. Lady wanted cash or would not sing a note. Brignoli to the rescue. The lazy tenor rushed off to his hotel and going to his trunk hauled out some gold eagles, rushed back to the Academy and poured it at Willhorst's feet. Mercenary Lady pacified, went on the stage and sang like a nightingale.

A very nice piece of gossip this—and about as true I suppose as most bits of title-tattle.

P. S. Piccolomini sang last evening for the last time in *Polito*. She seemed perfectly inspired and sang with greater power and effect than I have before known her to exhibit. Brignoli was actually enthusiastic, and Amodio was hugely effective in his part of the Roman Proconsul. After the opera, Piccolomini was called out to receive a shower of bouquets and made the following speech;—

MY DEAR FRIENDS: In this beautiful temple, eight months since, you bade me cordial welcome; during that time—oh how short! how happy to me!—you have always been most kind, most indulgent. I return you thanks from the depth of my heart, and shall ever hold you in sweet memory. This immense country, through which I have journeyed, I leave with tears of sincere regret, and pray my good angel will once more guide me to its hospitable shores. Encouraged by this hope, I have less pain to say adieu—and bid you all farewell.

To be sure she called "most" *moas* and "indulgent" *indolgent*, and made any amount of similar blunders. But, withal, it was a very charming little speech, and, what with the shrugs, and the smiles, and the lifting of eyebrows and the kissing of hands to the audience, had a very pretty effect, and was excellently received.

The opera is closed till Friday evening, June 3d., when Cortesi will sing in *Saffo*. Mr. Strakosch has already published one of those long confidential cards to the public, that were inaugurated by Ullman, and are such novelties in the advertising line, and represent opera managers in such a disinterested light. Max Maretzek, by the way, will wield the conductor's baton during the engagement of Cortesi.

TROVATOR.

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